



JANUARY 10c  
No. 36

I.C.D.



# BLACKHAWK

52 BIG FULL WIDTH PAGES

*Hawk-aaaa!* RINGS  
ACROSS THE SKY AS THE  
**Blackhawks** FLY FORTH  
TO BATTLE THE FORCES OF  
THE BEAUTIFUL POWER-MAD  
*Tarya!*

**4**  
Complete  
BLACKHAWK  
stories  
plus a  
laugh-filled  
CHOP CHOP  
comedy!



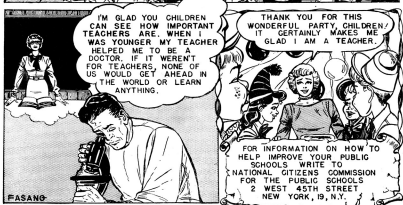




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# the classroom secret

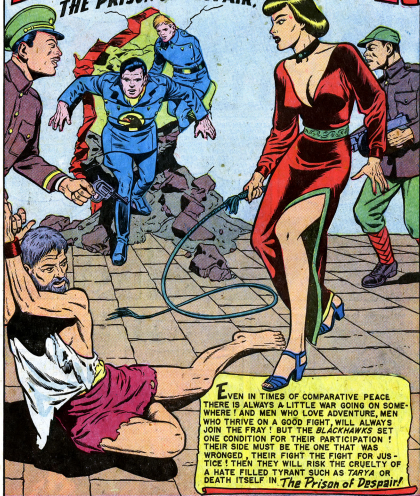




BLACKHAWK

# BLACKHAWK

THE PRISON OF DESPAIR!



**E**VEN IN TIMES OF COMPARATIVE PEACE THERE IS ALWAYS A LITTLE WAR GOING ON SOMEWHERE! AND MEN WHO LOVE ADVENTURE, MEN WHO THRIVE ON A GOOD FIGHT, WILL ALWAYS JOIN THE FRAY! BUT THE BLACKHAWKS SET ONE CONDITION FOR THEIR PARTICIPATION! THEIR SIDE MUST BE THE ONE THAT WAS WRONGED, THEIR FIGHT THE FIGHT FOR JUSTICE! THEN THEY WILL RISK THE CRUELTY OF A HATE FILLED TYRANT SUCH AS TARYA OR DEATH ITSELF IN *The Prison of Despair!*



NOT FAR FROM THE BLACKHAWKS' ISLAND BASE ...



THOSE WERE WONDERFUL DAYS OF PEACE! ALAS, IT HAS BEEN MY MISFORTUNE TO KNOW NOTHING BUT WAR SINCE I ASCENDED THE THRONE! PERHAPS IT IS MY YOUTH THAT KEEPS ME FROM THE WISDOM ONE NEEDS TO AVOID WAR!

I THINK NOT! THE ENEMY ON YOUR BORDER IS A VASSAL OF THE MOST WARLIKE NATION ON EARTH AND THEY WOULD FIGHT TO ENGULF YOUR COUNTRY REGARDLESS OF WHO IS KING!



WE OF KHARTOOR HAVE WANTED ONLY PEACE BUT SINCE GANDOR RAS, JINNESTAN'S HONORABLE LEADER, HAS MYSTERIOUSLY DISAPPEARED AND THE EVIL TARYA HAS TAKEN OVER, THERE HAS BEEN DEATH AND DESTRUCTION!

I HAVE HEARD OF THE TERRIBLE BOMBINGS BY JINNESTAN'S PLANES!



THE BOMBINGS ARE A HORROR MY PEOPLE SUFFER DAILY! THE JUNGLE BETWEEN JINNESTAN AND KHARTOOR IS IMPENETRABLE BY A LAND ARMY BUT IF THE AIR WAR DOES NOT STOP WE WILL HAVE TO YIELD TO THE ENEMY!



WE HAVE NO PLANES AND OUR ANTI-AIRCRAFT IS WEAK! YOU BLACK-HAWKS ARE OUR ONLY HOPE!

WE WILL SMASH JINNESTAN'S BOMBERS ON THEIR HOME GROUND, YOUR MAJESTY! YOUR FIGHT IS OUR FIGHT AND WE'RE GOING TO LET TARYA KNOW IT SO SHE CAN RELAY IT TO THE VICIOUS POWER THAT SEEKS TO CONTROL THE WORLD!



I SHALL PRAY TO BUDDHA FOR YOUR SUCCESS!

WE WILL DO OUR BEST, YOUR MAJESTY!



EARLY THAT EVENING ON BLACKHAWK ISLAND ...

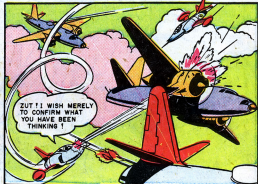
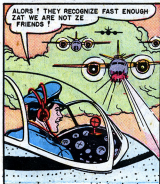
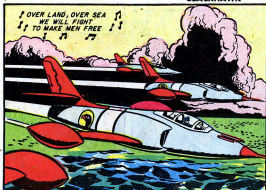
HERE COME JINNESTAN'S BOMBERS! THEY'LL REACH KHARTOOR JUST AFTER DARK!

NOT THIS TIME! WE'RE GOING TO SHOW THEM IT ISN'T JUST A LARK! LET'S GO, MEN!



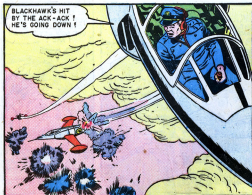
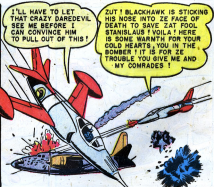
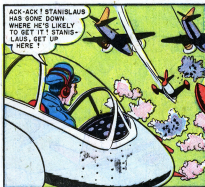
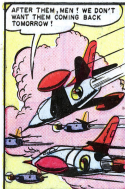


# BLACKHAWK





# BLACKHAWK

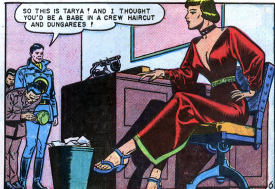




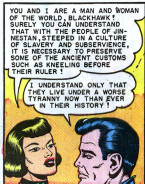
# BLACKHAWK



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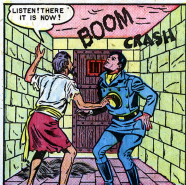
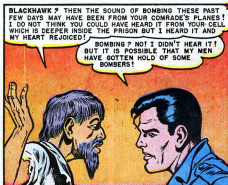
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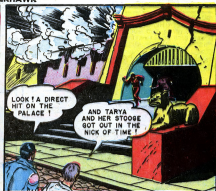


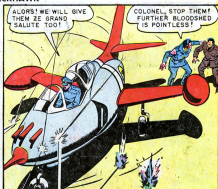
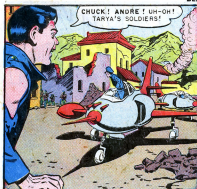


# BLACKHAWK













**Z**OOMING OUT OF THE CLOUDS LIKE PREDATORY EAGLES CAME THE AIR RAIDERS, MODERN BANDITS OF THE SKY, STRIKING SWIFT AND HARD AT HELPLESS CARGO PLANES! NOR WAS THERE ANY DEFENSE AGAINST THESE RUTHLESS BEASTS OF PREY... UNTIL THE FEARLESS BLACK-HAWKS TOOK TO THE AIR WITH A SONG ON THEIR LIPS AND A CHALLENGE IN THEIR STOUT HEARTS!

**E**N ROUTE FROM SOUTH AFRICA WITH A PRECIOUS CARGO OF UNCUT DIAMONDS AND RAW GOLD COMES A PLANE OF THE TRANS-FREIGHT LINES...

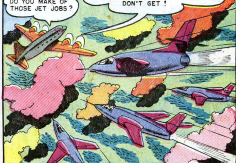
HO-HUM! SEVEN MORE HOURS BEFORE I CAN GET INTO THAT SOFT LITTLE BED OF MINE IN HARKNESS CORNERS!

Y'GOT SOMETHING THERE, JIM! EVEN THOUGH IT ONLY TAKES FOUR DAYS FOR THIS RUN AND, TURNABOUT I ALWAYS LOOK FORWARD TO GETTING BACK TO THE U.S.A. AS IF I'D BEEN AWAY A YEAR!

**S**UDDENLY...

HEY, LOOK! WHAT DO YOU MAKE OF THOSE JET JOBS?

SEARCH ME! THEY'RE THE VERY LATEST... BUT WHY THEY'RE WINGING STRAIGHT TOWARD OUR TAIL IS SOMETHING I DON'T GET!

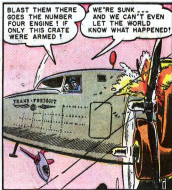




REMEMBER NOW, MEN, KNOCK OUT HER RADIO AND DISABLE TWO ENGINES BUT MAKE SURE YOU DON'T DESTROY HER OR YOU'LL ANSWER TO ME!



JIM! BILL! THE RADIO... IT'S DONE FOR!  
GREAT SCOTT! THIS IS SOME SORT OF OPENING MOVE IN A WAR!



BLAST THEM THERE GOES THE NUMBER FOUR ENGINE! IF ONLY THIS CRATE WERE ARMED!

WE'RE SUNK... AND WE CAN'T EVEN LET THE WORLD KNOW WHAT HAPPENED!



THERE GOES ANOTHER ENGINE! THIS IS IT, JIM!

MAYBE THOSE RATS WILL GIVE US A CHANCE TO TAKE TO THE LIFE RAFTS!

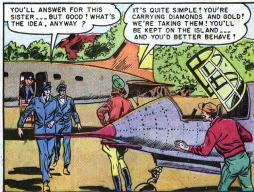


JIM... AN ISLAND! WE MAY BE ABLE TO MAKE A LANDING!

IT'S BETTER THAN NO CHANCE AT ALL!

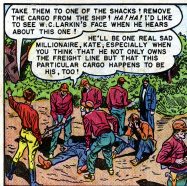


WELL DONE, MEN! THE FOOLS DID JUST WHAT WE EXPECTED THEM TO DO!



YOU'LL ANSWER FOR THIS SISTER... BUT GOOD! WHAT'S THE IDEA, ANYWAY?

IT'S QUITE SIMPLE! YOU'RE CARRYING DIAMONDS AND GOLD! WE'RE TAKING THEM! YOU'LL BE KEPT ON THE ISLAND... AND YOU'D BETTER BEHAVE!



SEVERAL DAYS LATER IN THE OFFICES OF THE INTERNATIONAL INSURANCE COMPANY ----





YOU CAN GIVE US THE REST OF THE INFORMATION WE NEED LATER, MR. HARLAN! WE'LL DO OUR BEST!

GOOD LUCK, BLACKHAWK!



ARE YOU MAD, HARLAN? DO YOU THINK THOSE COMIC OPERA HEROES CAN SUCCEED WHERE THE F.B.I. AND THE COAST GUARD HAVE FAILED?

I DO, MR. LARKIN! BECAUSE THEY HAVE FASTER SHIPS, MORE VARIED EXPERIENCE AND ONLY THEMSELVES TO ANSWER TO!



4 WEEK LATER AS ANOTHER TRANS-FREIGHT PLANE CARRIES A SHIPMENT OF PRECIOUS PLATINUM FROM SOUTH AMERICA...

TOM, LOOK! IT MUST BE THOSE AIR RAIDERS WE WERE WARNED ABOUT!

TELL SPARKS TO RADIO! I'LL GO BACK AND GET ON THAT WAIST GUN!



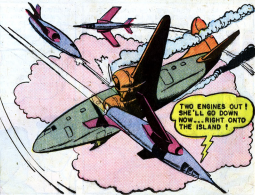
THIS COULD JUST AS WELL BE A WATER PISTOL AGAINST THOSE JOBS THEY ARE FLYING!



AH... MR. LARKIN HAS TAKEN PRECAUTIONS THIS TIME! WE'RE GOING TO FIND SOME OPPOSITION!



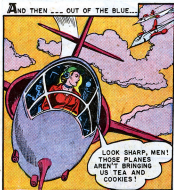
THEY CAN'T MANEUVER THAT SHIP FAST ENOUGH TO HIT THE SIDE OF A BARN! SEND IT DOWN THE USUAL WAY. WHEN NO SERIOUS DAMAGE, REMEMBER! WE'VE GOT TO GET THAT CARGO! W.C. LARKIN'S MISERABLE SOUL CAN ONLY BE HURT BY THE KNOWLEDGE THAT SOMEBODY ELSE HAS GOTTEN SOMETHING THAT BELONGS TO HIM!



TWO ENGINES OUT! SHE'LL GO DOWN NOW... RIGHT ONTO THE ISLAND!

# BLACKHAWK

AND THEN ... OUT OF THE BLUE...



LOOK SHARP, MEN!  
THOSE PLANES  
AREN'T BRINGING  
US TEA AND  
COOKIES!

YOU'RE NOT KIDDING,  
KATE! THOSE ARE  
THE BLACKHAWKS!  
AND I DON'T WANT  
ANY PART OF THEM!



ANY ONE OF YOU WHO RUNS OUT  
WON'T LIVE TO TELL ABOUT IT! WE  
CAN FEED THE BLACKHAWKS TO THE  
FISHES IN FIVE MINUTES FLAT AND  
THAT GOES FOR ANY OTHER DIRTY  
PAID STOOGES OF MR. W.C. LARKIN!

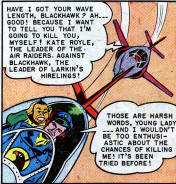


A GIRL... AND VERY PRETTY, NON?

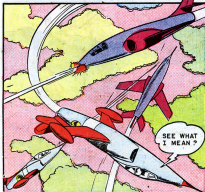


YEAH! AND SHE  
SURE CAN FLY,  
ANDRE!

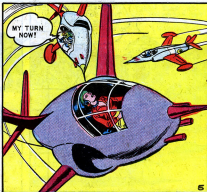
HAVE I GOT YOUR WAVE  
LENGTH, BLACKHAWK? AH...  
GOOD! BECAUSE I WANT  
TO TELL YOU THAT I'M  
GOING TO KILL YOU,  
MYSELF! KATE ROYLE,  
THE LEADER OF THE  
AIR RAIDERS, AGAINST  
BLACKHAWK, THE  
LEADER OF LARKIN'S  
HIRELINGS!



THOSE ARE HARSH  
WORDS, YOUNG LADY  
...AND I WOULDN'T  
BE TOO ENTHUSIA-  
STIC ABOUT THE  
CHANCES OF KILLING  
ME! IT'S BEEN  
TRIED BEFORE!



SEE WHAT  
I MEAN?



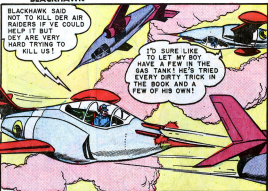
MY TURN  
NOW!

# BLACKHAWK



WANT TO COME DOWN AND TALK IT OVER, MISS ROYLE, OR SHALL I OPEN THE GUNS?

OPEN GUNS, BLACKHAWK! IT VERY CONVINCING TO AIR RAIDERS!



BLACKHAWK SAID NOT TO KILL DER AIR RAIDERS IF VE COULD HELP IT BUT DEY ARE VERY HARD TRYING TO KILL US!

IT'D SURE LIKE TO LET MY BOY HAVE A FEW IN THE GAS TANK! HE'S TRIED EVERY DIRTY TRICK IN THE BOOK AND A FEW OF HIS OWN!

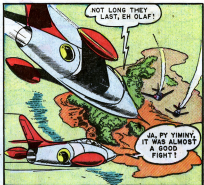


KATE'S GIVING UP!



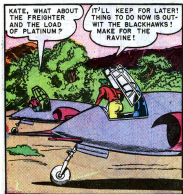
CALL IT OFF, MEN! IT'S SUICIDE TO BUCK THESE BLACKHAWKS!

I TOLD YOU, KATE! WE'LL STAND A BETTER CHANCE AGAINST THEM ON THE ISLAND!



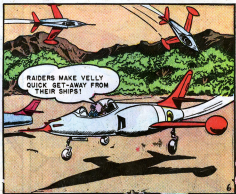
NOT LONG THEY LAST, EH OLAF!

JA, PY YIMINY, IT WAS ALMOST A GOOD FIGHT!



KATE, WHAT ABOUT THE FREIGHTER AND THE LOAD OF PLATINUM?

IT'LL KEEP FOR LATER! THING TO DO NOW IS OUTWIT THE BLACKHAWKS! MAKE FOR THE RAVINE!



RAIDERS MAKE VELLY QUICK SET-AWAY FROM THEIR SHIPS!



# BLACKHAWK





YOU'RE VERY HANDY WITH YOUR FISTS, BLACKHAWK! UNFORTUNATELY, I CAN'T OFFER YOU THAT KIND OF COMPETITION!

THERE'S REALLY NO REASON WHY YOU SHOULD OFFER ANY KIND, KATE ROYLE! YOU MUST HAVE BEEN MAD TO THINK YOU COULD GET AWAY WITH THESE SKY RAIDS INDEFINITELY! AND YOU MAY AS WELL FACE THE FACT THAT YOU'RE THROUGH!



OF COURSE YOU CAN'T, BLACKHAWK, BECAUSE YOU LOOK UPON W.C. LARKIN AS A DECENT HUMAN BEING ENGAGED IN THE AIR FREIGHT BUSINESS! BUT I KNOW HIM TO BE A GREEDY SPECIES OF VERMIN WHO THOUGHT NOTHING OF SENDING THE MAN I LOVED TO HIS DEATH FOR THE SAKE OF HIS DIRTY PROFITS!

I'M SORRY TO HEAR ABOUT THAT...BUT DOES IT JUSTIFY YOUR BEHAVIOR?



TO ME IT DOES! IT ALL BEGAN SEVERAL YEARS AGO! MY FIANCE WAS FLYING FOR LARKIN BEFORE HE HAD AMASSED THE KIND OF FORTUNE HE HAS NOW! AT THAT TIME HE WANTED HIS PILOTS TO FLY ANY DILAPIDATED CRATE... NOTHING MATTERED BUT GETTING THE CARGO THROUGH!



I BEGGED MY FIANCE TO GIVE UP THE JOB...BUT HE WANTED TO MAKE AS MUCH MONEY AS HE COULD, SO WE COULD GET MARRIED! MARRIED... HA-HA... WHAT A BITTER JOKE! HE ESCAPED FROM THE FIRST CRASH...BUT THE SECOND TOOK HIS LIFE!



LARKIN LAUGHED AT ME WHEN I ACCUSED HIM OF MURDER! WHAT DID A MAN LIKE MY FIANCEE MOTHER, HE SAID, TO A MAN WHO WAS BUILDING AN EMPIRE OF THE AIR? I SWORE THAT I'D MAKE LARKIN RUE THE DAY HE'D GOTTEN THE LUST FOR WEALTH AND POWER!

BUT YOU COULDN'T HAVE GOTTEN YOUR PLANES, THIS ISLAND, THE CONTACTS YOU NEED TO TIE YOU OFF ON THE TRANS-FREIGHT SCHEDULES UNLESS YOU HAD A FORTUNE OR A WEALTHY BACKER!

DON'T MOVE, ANY OF YOU BLACKHAWKS! YES, BLACKHAWK, EVERY EMPIRE BUILDER MAKES ENEMIES... AND THE GREATEST ENEMY LARKIN MADE SOUGHT ME OUT, HANDED ME THIS ISLAND, THESE MEN AND, THE BEST PLANES AVAILABLE!



I LEARNED TO FLY... QUITE WELL. I THOUGHT, UNTIL YOU CAME ALONG... AND I HAVE LIVED TO RUIN MR. LARKIN, TO HURT HIM IN HIS POCKET, THE ONLY PLACE WHERE HE CAN FEEL PAIN!

AND YOUR SPONSOR... WHO IS HE?

I COULD TELL YOU, BLACKHAWK, SINCE YOU WON'T LEAVE HERE ALIVE ANYWAY! BUT THE TRUTH IS THAT I, MYSELF, ONLY KNOW HIM AS MR. X AND I HAVE NEVER SEEN HIM WITHOUT A MASK!

HOW INTERESTING! AREN'T YOU CURIOUS ABOUT HIS IDENTITY?

THAT DOESN'T MATTER! ALL THAT COUNTS IS THAT HE HELPS ME RUIN LARKIN! THE INSURANCE COMPANIES WILL SOON TIRE OF TAKING THE RISKS FOR LARKIN'S CARGOES... AND THEN HE'LL BE THROUGH!



I DON'T KNOW WHETHER YOU INTEND TO USE THAT GUN OR NOT, BABY, BUT THERE'S NO SENSE TAKING CHANCES!

OH-H!

THAT DOES IT KATE! YOU'VE GOT A SAD STORY-ALL RIGHT BUT IT WASN'T FOR YOU TO DEAL OUT WHAT YOU THOUGHT WAS JUSTICE! YOU'LL HAVE TO COME WITH US NOW!

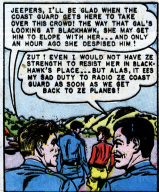
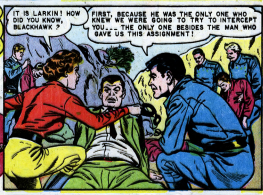


# BLACKHAWK





# BLACKHAWK



# BLACKHAWK

AN ANCIENT CLOCK, SILENT FOR CENTURIES, SUDDENLY TOLLED THE HOUR AND THE MOCKING CRY OF DEATH CAME TO SHATTER THE STILLNESS OF A PEACEFUL VILLAGE! ONLY THE BLACKHAWKS DARED TO BREAK THROUGH THE PALL OF EVIL THAT HUNG OVER THE CLOCK TOWER... AND THEN THE SPINE CHILLING CHIMES SEEMED TO CALL OUT THEIR NAMES IN SEPULCHRAL TONES THAT MARKED THEM FOR DESTRUCTION!



THERE'S NOVOTA! THE MAYOR WILL TAKE US DIRECTLY TO THE TOWER! WE'RE AFRAID SOMETHING ELSE MIGHT HAPPEN IF THERE'S ANY DELAY IN CLEARING UP THE MYSTERY!

MAYOR OF NOVOTA VELLY LUCKY TO HAVE BLACKHAWKS FOR FRIENDS! WE SOON FIND OUT WHO KILL TOWER WATCHMAN AND TOWN CONSTABLE!



BLACKHAWKS, THIS IS THE FIRST TIME I HAVE BREATHED EASILY IN DAYS! COME! WE GO TO THE TOWER!

LEAD THE WAY, MR. MAYOR!



# BLACKHAWK

TWO NIGHTS IN A ROW IT HAPPENED! EACH NIGHT WE WERE ALL TERRIFIED WHEN THE OLD CLOCK STRUCK AFTER SO MANY YEARS OF SILENCE! THE FIRST NIGHT THE WATCHMAN INVESTIGATED AND DIED, THE SECOND IT WAS THE CONSTABLE!

ZUT! IT WOULD SEEM SOME EVIL ONE DID NOT WISH THE OLD CLOCK INVESTIGATED!

BUT WE SAW NO ONE BUT THE DEAD MAN WHEN WE GOT TO THE TOWER...AND NO TRACE OF A MURDERER! IT WAS ALMOST AS IF A GHOST HAD DONE THE DEED EXCEPT...

EXCEPT DOT GHOSTS DON'T MAKE DER KNIFE WOUND, JA?



I HAVE TOLD NO ONE THAT I HAVE CALLED YOU, BLACKHAWK, BUT THE WHOLE TOWN WILL BE GRATEFUL IF YOU GET TO THE BOTTOM OF THIS HORROR!

WE'LL GO UP TO THE TOWER NOW!

BONG! BONG! BONG!

LISTEN! THE CLOCK IS STRIKING AGAIN!

IT COULDN'T HAVE PICKED A BETTER TIME!



LET'S GO MEN!

WHUE! WE'LL BE LUCKY TO HAVE ANY WIND LEFT WHEN WE GET TO THE TOP OF THIS STAIRWAY!

AY BAN EXPECT TO HAVE ENOUGH TO TAKE GOOD SOCK AT KILLER!



THAT MUST BE THE DOOR TO THE INSIDE OF THE BIG CLOCK!



# BLACKHAWK



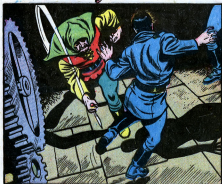
IT LOOKS LIKE MANY OTHER BIG CLOCKS OF THIS KIND I HAVE SEEN!



GET OUT A FLASHLIGHT, SOMEBODY! LET'S TAKE A BETTER LOOK AT THESE WORKS AND SEE IF WE CAN FIND WHAT SET THE CHIMES GOING!



BLACKHAWK! LOOK OUT!



NOT SO FAST, YOU!



HE MOVED SO FAST I COULDN'T CONNECT VERY HARD!

WE CONNECT VELLY MUCH BETTER NEXT TIME!



ACH! HE HAS DISAPPEARED! HOW COULD HE GET OUT SO FAST? WE WERE RIGHT BEHIND HIM!

BY YIMINY! HE IS LIKE GHOST...FAST, ELUSIVE AND DISAPPEARS!



# BLACKHAWK



# BLACKHAWK

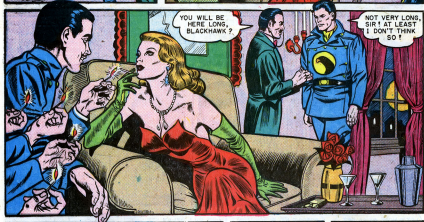


COUNT RENZLA AND HIS BEAUTIFUL WARD, MARIA BORDO! THEY ARE OLD ARISTOCRATS FROM THE PROVINCES WHO HAVE HONORED MY HOUSEHOLD THIS PAST WEEK!



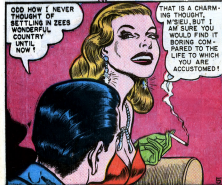
MY DEAR COUNT, LADY MARIA, MAY I PRESENT THE BLACKHAWKS?

A PLEASURE TO MAKE YOUR ACQUAINTANCE, GENTLEMEN!



YOU WILL BE HERE LONG, BLACKHAWK?

NOT VERY LONG, SIR! AT LEAST I DON'T THINK SO!



ODD HOW I NEVER THOUGHT OF SETTLING IN ZEES WONDERFUL COUNTRY UNTIL NOW!

THAT IS A CHARMING THOUGHT, M'SIEU, BUT I AM SURE YOU WOULD FIND IT BORING COMPARED TO THE LIFE TO WHICH YOU ARE ACCUSTOMED!

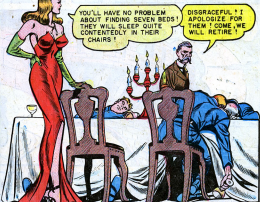


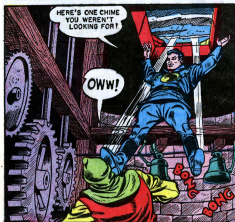
COME, MY FRIENDS, LET US HAVE A LATE SUPPER AND FORGET THAT THERE IS EVIL IN THE WORLD! WHO COULD EVEN DREAM OF EVIL IN THE WARM GLOW OF YOUR KINDNESS, MY DEAR MAYOR?



PRETEND THAT YOU ARE DRINKING A LOT OF THAT WINE, ACT AS IF YOU'RE FEELING IT!

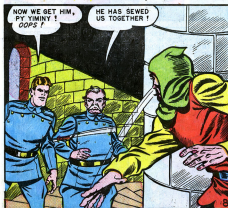
KIDDING, BLACKHAWK? WHAT'S THE POINT?

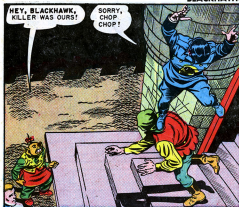






BLACKHAWK

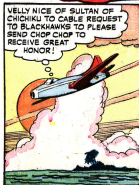


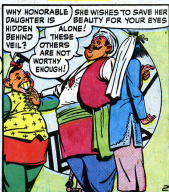
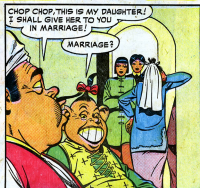
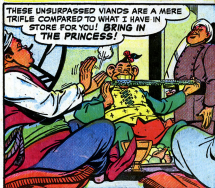
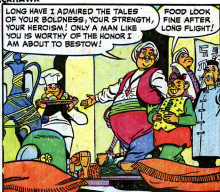


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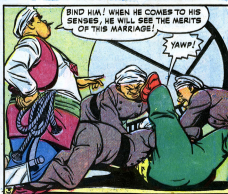
# CHOP CHOP

and the VEILED PRINCESS









BLACKHAWK

OH, WOE! NOW IF THAT ONE WERE THE PRINCESS IT WOULD BE DIFFERENT STORY! GOLLY! THE WAY SHE LOOKS AT ME SHE MUST HAVE FALLEN FOR CHOP CHOP VELLY MUCH!



YOU WILL STAY HERE WITHOUT FOOD OR WATER UNTIL YOU DECIDE TO BE MY SON-IN-LAW!



NEVER!  
NEVER!

ALAS! BLACKHAWKS WILL NEVER SEE ME AGAIN! IT IMPOSSIBLE TO LOOSEN CORDS AND ME HERE MANY HOURS ALREADY! BUT BETTER SLOW DEATH THAN MARRIAGE TO THE PRINCESS!



SHHH!



I KNEW IT! SHE WAS SMITTEN BY CHOP CHOP!

YOU MUST NOT MAKE A SOUND! I WAS ABLE TO GET IN HERE BECAUSE I TOLD THE GUARDS THE PRINCESS HAD SENT ME TO FIND A BROOCH SHE HAD LOST!



YOU RISK YOUR LIFE TO SAVE ME! VELLY ROMANTIC!

YES! WE WILL FLY TO MANALOA AND HAPPINESS!

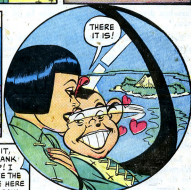
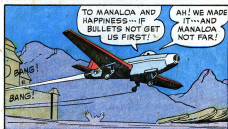
MANALOA! OH JOY! VELLY ROMANTIC TROPICAL ISLAND WHERE ONE CAN LIVE OFF NATURE'S BOUNTY AND ENJOY BLESSINGS OF BEAUTIFUL WIFE SUCH AS THIS!



I STOLE THE KEY TO THIS SECRET PANEL! FOLLOW ME!

TO THE ENDS OF EARTH IF NEED BE!





# SPIDER MAN

THEY were busy talking around the old dining room table and no one was watching Louie back by the dusty window. No one saw him catch the fly. He sat there for a long time, his beady eyes glued on the fat blue bottle fly, watching it bumble and hurl itself stupidly at the window pane. After what seemed an hour, the fly had batted itself within reach. Louie made one swift snatch and it was caught. He held his big hand tightly closed so no one would hear the muted, angry droning of his precious captive.

At the table Big Red was whining, "How much longer we gonna stay holed up in this forsaken dive, Max? The heat oughta be off by now."

Pete raised his head and his pale, cold eyes glittered. "Nobody asked you to come here, loud-mouth. If it don't suit you, get out."

"Now, now," Max said placatingly. "Cut it out, you two. It was lucky Pete threw in with us. This old farm of his is just like layin' out in Mexico or maybe South America. No cops ever get within ten miles of the place. It's as safe as a nursery until we get the word to blow out and start spending the dough we got. Let's not get edgy."

Louie was edging quietly toward the dark, cobwebby corner of the old room. He clutched his fly and watched the men at the table with sly, fearful, empty eyes. He was a little afraid of the loud, hard man they called Big Red. But the cold, merciless Max could reduce him to shivering terror with a look.

The endless bickering argument went on at the table. The gang had been holed up for a week now, with money burning in their pockets and tempers drawn taut from confinement. Louie was careful to keep out of their way when Pete was not around. Pete took care that nobody hurt Louie. Pete was his brother and they were all afraid of Pete, even the deadly Max. But Louie was not afraid of Pete and the thought made him stifle a giggle. Everybody was afraid of Pete but him.

The spider was in his web in the corner, down close to the baseboard, clinging among the dried shells of dead flies and a limp moth. He was a

giant of his kind, gray and hairy and incredibly swift and Louie loved the ugly monster even more than he loved all spiders.

He knelt now, drooling a little in his eagerness, and threw his fly at the heavy web. The big fly hit the web and stuck, struggling, his furious beating of wings rising to a shrill whine. The sound of the whine reached the table.

"What's the goof doing in the corner?" Max demanded sharply, and Louie froze. "What's he up to, Pete?"

"N-nothin'," Louie said quickly. "Just . . . just sitting here."

Max took a step and his voice rose to a snarl. "He's feedin' one of those spiders. He's feedin' it a big fly. I told him to get those spiders outa here. They give me the creeps. I can't stand 'em."

"I like 'em," Louie said. "They're purty and I got 'em all named. This here one's name is—"

Max howled a shrill curse and swung his arm in a savage, impulsive slash. The back of his hand caught Louie's face and knocked him back on his haunches. Louie put his hand to his face and whimpered.

Pete came away from the table with the silent grace of a panther. He faced Max and Big Red, eyes blazing, his terrible right hand clawed close to the front of his jacket. "Don't you ever touch him again," Pete whispered in a harsh, terrible hiss of sound. "Don't you ever lay a hand on my brother again, or so help me . . ."

Big Red had both hands flat on the table and the hands were trembling. Max's face was chalk white and his eyes were full of fear. He wet his lips. "Now Pete," he mumbled. "Now Pete, I didn't hurt the goof. I didn't even figure to touch him. I just sort of over-reached. You know that, Pete."

"Not ever again," Pete said.

"It's those spiders," Max said. "For the love of Moses, make him stop feeding those spiders, Pete. I can't stand 'em. They give me the willies, Pete. I even dream about 'em at night and I wake up and feel 'em walkin' on my face. Make him stop."

Pete looked at the fawning Louie. "Get rid of the spiders. You hear me? Get rid of 'em. We



got too good a thing to bust up over some dirty old spiders. Do it today."

"Sure, Pete," Louie whimpered and he put his hands over his face and cried, rocking his big body. "My purty spiders."

Pete went to town that afternoon, because he had lived on the farm as a kid and nobody thought anything about his coming in for mail and groceries. Nobody knew about Max and Big Red. And all afternoon, while Louie scuttled around, keeping out of their way and getting rid of his spiders, Max and Big Red sat and whispered together. Once Louie heard Big Red laugh and say, "I'm with you, Max. A two-way split beats a three-way split any day. And I'm scared of that monkey. He's too handy with the rod."

It was late afternoon when Pete's old car came chugging into the yard. Max was on the porch and Louie was watching from the back door. Big Red was nowhere in sight. Max called, "Any word from our mouthpiece yet?"

"No word," Pete said. "We must be still hot. But I got news for you."

At that moment Big Red stepped from behind the tool shed, right behind the old touring car, his gun in his hand and his thick lips peeled back in an ugly grin. "I got news for you, too, Petie. Me and Max, we decided to make it a two-way split."

He was laughing when he started to shoot. Louie heard the gun go *Blam! Blam!* Pete was half out of the car when the slugs hit him and whirled him around and folded him over the door like a dish-rag. Big Red was still laughing when Pete gave a convulsive twist and got his own gun out. Big Red died with that laugh frozen on his face, along with the surprise and the fright.

On the porch, Max said, "Well, what do you know? Now it's only a one-way split."

Pete had fallen out of the car now and Louie, running across the yard, was holding his brother's head and crying. Pete opened his eyes and looked past Louie at the grinning Max and his face twisted. "News," he whispered. "Joke's on you, you rat. The Sheriff's on his way out to look around. He thinks you might be hiding out in the woods back here. Let's see you get out of that." His laughter choked in his throat and died.

Max caught Louie's shoulders and jerked him around. Max's eyes were wild, like a trapped animal's. He shook Louie violently. "Did you hear that, Loonie? Did you get it? The Law's

coming out. I gotta hide. You gotta hide me, understand? You know what I'll do to you if you don't?"

"Yes," Louie whimpered, scrambling to his feet. "I'll hide yuh. I got a place. The old root cellar. Nobody even knows about it but me and Pete, and Pete's dead."

He turned and lumbered across the yard with Max panting at his heels. His great strength bent to the corner of broken wagon box, there in the weeds, and when he had slid it aside a little, a black pit gaped up at them. There was a rickety ladder down, and the shadow of rotting shelves.

"Get my flashlight," Max shouted. "Hurry, Goof."

A moment later, flashlight in hand, Max was letting himself down into the old cellar. He paused at the bottom and glared up, his face incredibly evil and menacing, his hand on the gun inside his coat. "Get this, nitwit—you slide that thing back and keep still. Understand? If you give me away, I'll get you if it takes a thousand years. Do you know that?"

"Y-yes," Louie whimpered. "I won't say a word."

He shoved the heavy wagon box back over the hole and, for good measure, he staggered from the barn with hundred-pound sacks of feed to pile into the old, faded wagon box. He was finishing the last trip from the barn when Max screamed. His voice came thinly from the muffling earth.

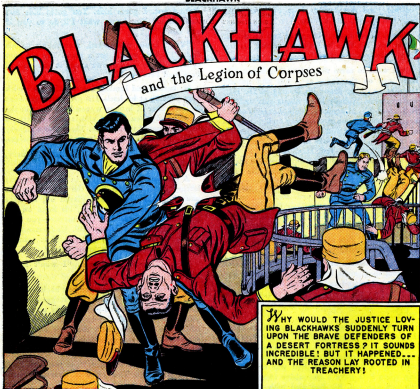
"Spiders!" Max shrieked. "Get me outa here. Open that top. This place is swarming with spiders."

Louie knelt and put his face close to the box. "I know it," he called. "I put 'em there. You said I hadda get rid of my spiders so I put 'em all down in there."

"Open up!" Max howled. "Get me outa here."

"No," Louie said. "You hadn't oughta had him kill my brother. Now Pete ain't here to protect me any more and I'm afraid when you're up here. I ain't gonna let you up so you can hurt me. I'm goin' away, up in the hills, to Grampa's farm, and I ain't ever comin' back."

Louie turned then and went trotting away across the weedy yard. Behind him the screaming stopped. Now there was only a kind of sobbing laughter, like the laughter of a man driven mad by fear. Louie began to run and after a while he could no longer hear even the laughter and he wasn't afraid any more.



IN THE NORTH AFRICAN HEADQUARTERS OF THE FRENCH FOREIGN LEGION...

WE RECEIVED PART OF THE RADIO MESSAGE FOR HELP FROM THE FORT AT RIDI-BEL-ABBES... IT WAS A WOMAN'S VOICE... AND THEN IT WAS CUT OFF!

YOU'VE HAD TROUBLE THERE FROM BEDOUIN BANDS, HAVEN'T YOU GENERAL?



TROUBLE THAT IS HOW YOU SAY FORMIDABLE, BLACKHAWK! THE FORT MAY BE UNDER HEAVY SIEGE! HOW A WOMAN HAPPENS TO BE THERE IS A MYSTERY... BUT THE IMPORTANT THING IS TO KNOW WHAT IS HAPPENING THERE!



ONCE THAT RADIO MESSAGE WAS CUT OFF, WE COULD NOT CONTACT THE FORT AGAIN! I KNEW THAT YOU BLACKHAWKS WERE IN THIS VICINITY, THAT YOU HAVE FASTER PLANES THAN OURS, THAT YOU ARE OLD FRIENDS OF THE LEGION!

YOU NEED SAY NO MORE, SIR! WE'LL BE GLAD TO HELP!

BONNE CHANCE, MES AMIS! THE FOREIGN LEGION THANKS YOU!

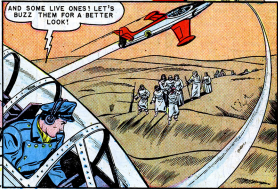
A LITTLE WHILE LATER...

THAT'S THE FORT BELOW! LET'S SCOUT THE SURROUNDING AREA FIRST TO SEE IF THERE ARE ANY ATTACKERS!



VOILA, BLACKHAWK! DEAD BEDOUINS!

AND SOME LIVE ONES! LET'S BUZZ THEM FOR A BETTER LOOK!



THAT'S ODD! THEY'RE WAVING... SORT OF FRIENDLY!

PERHAPS ALL DER FIGHT HAS BEEN TAKEN OUDT OF DEM, JA? PERHAPS DEY ARE HOPING VE VILL NOT STRAFE DEM IF DEY MAKE DER FRIENDLY GESTURE!

AND THAT ONE SALUTING... IT'S ODD!



WE'LL LAND IN THE FORT NOW! REMEMBER, MEN, THERE'S EVEN LESS ROOM THAN ON THE DECK OF A CARRIER... SO MAKE IT GOOD!



BLACKHAWK! HOW GLAD I AM TO SEE YOU! I AM CAPTAIN KROPP, THE COMMANDANT, AT YOUR SERVICE! OUR SITUATION WAS DESPERATE FOR AWHILE!



THOSE POOR GUYS MUST HAVE BEEN UP THERE FOR HOURS! LET'S GO UP AND GIVE THEM SOME CIGARETTES AND CHOCOLATE!



YES, BLACKHAWK, THE SITUATION IS UNDER CONTROL NOW! WE STARTED TO GET THE UPPER HAND JUST AS THAT RADIO MESSAGE FOR HELP WENT OUT TO HEADQUARTERS!



A WOMAN'S VOICE? WHAT A FANTASTIC ILLUSION! BUT THEN OUR BROADCASTING APPARATUS PLAYS STRANGE TRICKS OUT HERE IN THE DESERT! I ASSURE YOU IT WAS OUR REGULAR WIRELESS MAN!



WHAT ARE YOUR MEN DOING UP THERE, BLACKHAWK? CALL THEM DOWN! COME DOWN, YOU TWO!







BUT I AM SURE YOU WILL NOT BE AS FOOLISH AS YOUR FRIENDS UP THERE! MY MEN WOULD SHOOT YOU DEAD IN A MATTER OF SECONDS!

IT ALL BECOMES CLEAR NOW! THE MEN WE THOUGHT WERE BEDOUINS IN THE DESERT WERE REALLY LEGIONAIRES! THAT WAS THE REASON FOR THE FRIENDLY WAVE AND THE MILITARY SALUTE!

TOO BAD A FEW ESCAPED, BLACKHAWK! YOU WILL NOT, I ASSURE YOU!

WHY DON'T YOU SHOOT US NOW?

BECAUSE FIRST YOU MUST RADIO THE GENERAL AND TELL HIM THAT ALL IS WELL HERE! IT WOULD NOT DO FOR HIM TO BECOME EVEN MORE SUSPICIOUS!

YOU'D BETTER NOT COUNT ON US, CAPTAIN! BY THE WAY, YOU'RE OBVIOUSLY THE ONLY REAL LEGIONAIRE IN THE FORT EVEN THOUGH A TRAITOROUS ONE! HOW DID YOU MANAGE TO GET THE BEDOUINS IN AND THE REAL LEGIONAIRES OUT INTO THE DESERT IN BEDOUIN CLOTHES?

I HAD A DEVOTED ASSISTANT, BLACKHAWK! COME, YOU WILL MEET HER! PERHAPS SHE WILL TELL YOU! NOT THAT IT WILL DO ANY OF YOU A BIT OF GOOD!

WE WILL LET YOU STAY IN THE CELLS FOR A REASONABLE TIME... JUST ENOUGH TO MAKE IT LOOK TO THE GENERAL AS IF YOU WERE BUSY HELPING THE LEGION HOLD THE FORT... THEN YOU WILL TELL HIM ALL IS WELL! HA! HA!

COMPANY FOR YOU, YVETTE, MY LITTLE PIGEON!

THE BLACKHAWKS! SO EVEN THEY HAVE LOST AGAINST YOU!

HA! HA! I SEE AT LAST YOU ARE BEGINNING TO APPRECIATE CAPTAIN KROPP'S SUPERIOR QUALITIES!

ON THE CONTRARY, KROPP! I LOATHE YOU FOR THE UNREGENERATE FORMER NAZI S.S. MAN THAT YOU REALLY ARE! AND I HATE MYSELF FOR EVER HAVING BELIEVED THAT YOU HAD CHANGED!



IT'S ALL MY FAULT THAT THIS HAPPENED TO YOU, BLACKHAWKS! FORGIVE ME!  
JUST HOW DID IT HAPPEN?



I WAS KROPP'S GIRL AND I TRUSTED HIM THOUGH I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN THAT THE FACT THAT HE JOINED THE LEGION WOULD NOT CHANGE HIS HATRED FOR THE FRENCH!

WHAT DID HE TRAP YOU INTO DOING?

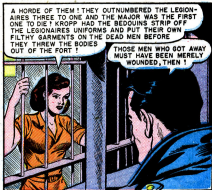


HE HAD A CONFEDERATE ON THE OUTSIDE GIVE ME A FALSE MESSAGE TO THE MAJOR WHO WAS HIS SUPERIOR! THE MESSAGE WAS OF NO IMPORTANCE! IT WAS ONLY TO GET ME IN HERE!



ONCE I WAS IN HERE KROPP PERSUADED ME TO USE A WOMAN'S WILES ON THE GATE SENTRY, GET THE KEY AND OPEN THE GATE TO THE FORT! I WAS A FOOL! I BELIEVED HIM WHEN HE SAID IT WAS SO HE COULD GET OUT TO MAKE PEACE WITH THE BEDOUINS AND SURPRISE THE MAJOR!

I GET IT! INSTEAD HE LET THE BEDOUINS IN!



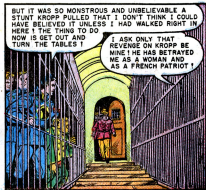
A HORDE OF THEM! THEY OUTNUMBERED THE LEGIONAIRES THREE TO ONE AND THE MAJOR WAS THE FIRST ONE TO DIE! KROPP HAD THE BEDOUINS STRIP OFF THE LEGIONAIRES UNIFORMS AND PUT THEIR OWN FILTHY GARMENTS ON THE DEAD MEN BEFORE THEY THREW THE BODIES OUT OF THE FORT!

THOSE MEN WHO GOT AWAY MUST HAVE BEEN MERELY WOUNDED, THEN!



AS SOON AS I REALIZED WHAT I HAD DONE I RUSHED TO THE WIRELESS! NOBODY WAS NEAR IT DURING THE FIGHTING! I STARTED TO SEND MY MESSAGE BUT KROPP CAME IN AND CAUGHT ME!

EVERYTHING IS CLEAR NOW! I MIGHT HAVE SUSPECTED SOMETHING LIKE THIS IF I'D TAKEN THE TIME TO THINK WHEN I SAW THOSE POOR FELLOWS STAGGERING AROUND IN THE DESERT!



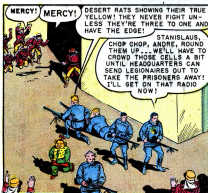
BUT IT WAS SO MONSTROUS AND UNBELIEVABLE A STUNT KROPP PULLED THAT I DON'T THINK I COULD HAVE BELIEVED IT UNLESS I HAD WALKED RIGHT IN HERE! THE THING TO DO NOW IS GET OUT AND TURN THE TABLES!

I ASK ONLY THAT REVENGE ON KROPP BE MINE! HE HAS BETRAYED ME AS A WOMAN AND AS A FRENCH PATRIOT!

BLACKHAWK



# BLACKHAWK



OVER THE VASTNESS OF THE DESERT SANDS, AND THE MANY LANDS WE RALLY TO THE feeble cry of those on whom TYRANNY'S DARKNESS IS ABOUT TO CLOSE! WE'RE BLACKHAWKS!





SEE THIS? IT'S THE FAMOUS ERECTOR JUST-LIKE-REAL SQUARE GIRDER. ONLY ERECTOR BUILDS IT!

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**YOU BUILD** this A. M. Signal Generator as part of my Servicing Course. It provides amplitude-modulated signals for many tests and experiments.



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